

# UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the  
OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to  
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375 Twenty-fourth Street.

## "FREEDOM THROUGH ORGANIZATION."

The following poem, written by Joseph A. Labadie, of the Street Railway Men's organization, brings out two points very prominently; first, the absolute futility of trying to stand out alone against the power of wealth; and second, the lack of sense exhibited by so many in not organizing to stand together against this great power. This little poem is full of meat, and is worthy of careful and thoughtful consideration. Don't just read it, but study it. Brother Labadie said:

I can't alone contend against  
The force that does me wrong;  
Nor yet can you, without my help,  
Withstand this power long.  
To both it comes with blighting hands,  
Restricts the weal of each;  
We weekly each alone protest  
And fruitlessly beseech.

We work the forests, fields and mines  
We sell the sudden deep,  
We fashion things for human use,  
Exploit the mountains steep,  
We do the work of all the world,  
And do it fairly well,  
But let the grasping, coddler crew  
Take all but bagatelle.

The cunning of this pirate crew  
Is always keen, alert,  
They keep us foolishly apart  
Our welfare to subvert.  
Stifle stirring up between us  
In a grim satanic way,  
Because in different countries born,  
In different tongues we pray.

So long as it is easier  
To work who hardest work  
This coddler crew will nothing do  
But useful labor shirk.  
Do that which pays the best, you know,  
Is Economic's plan,  
And so when we get sense enough  
We'll foil this daring clan.

It always pays, old Good Sense says,  
To reason in our acts,  
But do you think the working world  
Heeds such transparent facts?  
As they who work most usefully  
Have scarce enough to live,  
While those who work the useful ones  
Have galling aims to give?

When usefulness has sense enough  
To organize as shield  
Against this over-reaching crew  
Less will its grafting yield.  
You cannot freedom get alone,  
You cannot wrongs aright;  
Together we must operate  
Or wage a losing fight!

## TEMPTATIONS

The only son was about to leave home. "My son," said the old mother, "you are now going where temptations will surround you. There will be wicked men on all sides. You will find unprincipled men at every hand to lure you to destruction." "Oh, it ain't so bad as all that, maw," interrupted the male parent. "From the way you talk a body would think Jimmy was going straight to the Utah legislature."

## BENEFITS.

Notwithstanding the fact that labor unions are not insurance companies and never were intended to be, yet in a small way, they have become such. That is, they have provided a fund from which they pay small amounts to sick and disabled members, as well as a small amount upon the death of a member. They do not do this as a matter of insurance, as they write no policies guaranteeing a stipulated sum to each member, but they simply say that upon compliance with certain requirements, they will pay to each member a certain amount each week in case of sickness or accident, and a certain sum to his loved ones in case of death. This they do from a humanitarian standpoint. It has ever been the determination of union labor to be independent of charity, for there is nothing so distasteful to the honest man as charity. So, out of the meager remuneration he receives for his services, he provides as best he can for his own, and in doing so, he relieves the community of a great responsibility, as well as a great burden. We have no figures from which to estimate the amount of benefits paid to members by the various unions, but the total must be immense. The small union of barbers pay from four to six thousand dollars per month in benefits. The street car men's union paid over \$5,500 in death and disability claims within the past six months. So, estimating the total paid by all unions by what these two small ones have done, it will approximate several millions yearly.

This in connection with what the laborers are doing by way of visiting the sick and distressed, and rendering such assistance as they can, locally, it may well be said, as one expressed it, "The great wonder is, how can they do it on the wages they receive, with living expenses as high as they are." They do it, that's all, and they are the happier and better for it. Let all who are or have been disposed to criticize or stigmatize union labor, investigate all sides of the question before passing judgment.

## HYPOCRITE.

Definition: "One who feigns to be other and better than he really is; one who, for the purpose of deceiving, or winning favors, puts on a fair outside seeming; a false pretender to virtue or piety; one who assumes an appearance of piety and virtue."

That there never was an organization of any kind whatsoever, that was not cursed with one or more such individuals, is an absolute fact. The church has them, even in the ministry; the fraternal societies have them; the unions have them; and society in general has them. The vilest of all the vile creatures of earth is that miscreant of a human being known as the hypocrite. There is no security from the hypocrite. He comes to you with the smiles of an angel on his lips and with the intent of the devil in his heart. He pretends to be your friend and at the same time he is your bitterest enemy. He offers you assistance, and places you under obligations, that he may rob you of your independence. He worms his way into your confidence, that he may betray you. He seeks favors of you, that he may the more greatly injure you. He assumes such an appearance of piety and virtue, that he is even able to deceive "the very elect." And so, in all ages of the world, the hypocrite has abounded and flourished, to the great annoyance and inconvenience of all honest and upright people, and so he will continue through all the ages of time to come. As we have said, we have those kind of people in our unions, they creep in, as they do in everything else, and succeed, by some hook or crook, in getting into office, or some other position where they do almost irreparable damage before they are found out and relegated to the waste basket. They take a solemn obligation to do certain things, and to not do certain other things; and they do just the reverse. When the onlookers see them doing the reverse of what they should do, the union is held responsible, and many people seem to think that all union people are alike. But this is not true of the union, any more than it is true of any other class of people. Of all reprehensible people on earth, are those who willfully violate an obligation, whether it be taken at the altar or whether it be the unwritten law of fair dealing or business integrity. Therefore, it devolves upon society in general to relegate these "pests" to utter oblivion, whether they be found in the religious, the fraternal, the union or the business world.

Application: When a union man, or rather, a man wearing a union button or carrying a union card, or both, enters a place of business to make a purchase, and does not ask for the union label, or when he does ask for it, and is told that they do not have what he wants with the label, he makes the purchase just the same; or when he is shown goods with and without the label, he takes the prison or sweat-shop goods in preference, just because he can have five, or ten, or twenty, or fifty cents, or one or two or three dollars, (according to the amount of the purchase) he deserves nothing but the most utter contempt of the merchant, as well as of his fellow unionists and of the people generally.

Again: When the business man endeavors to command the patronage of union people and their friends, and makes no effort to supply their wants with the kind of goods he knows they want; or when asked for those goods, tells them that they cannot be gotten in the quality or style desired, or when he carries out an inferior quality of the goods desired, and hides them under the counter, and "pushes" the prison or sweat-shop goods to the front, to the detriment of the label, because he can make five, or ten or twenty or fifty cents, or one or two or three dollars more, (according to the size of the sale) he deserves the same contempt as the other fellow.

## Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

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The times of that superstition which attributed revolutions to the ill-will of a few agitators have long passed away. Everyone knows nowadays that wherever there is a revolutionary convulsion, there must be some social want in the background, which is prevented by worn-out institutions from satisfying itself. The want may yet be felt as strongly as generally as might seem immediate success; but every attempt at forcible repression will only bring it forth stronger and stronger, until it bursts its fetters.—Karl Marx.

## SO SAY WE ALL

London dispatches quote Keir Hardie as saying in the London Socialist Review for the current month, "I am inclined to be doleful concerning the future of the Socialist party in America." The doleful prospect being due to "the deplorable fact that during the last ten years no trades unionists of any standing in New York has been brought into the Socialist movement." There is a world of wisdom—theoretical and practical—in Keir Hardie's estimate; and a flood of light it sheds on things past, present and future in the Socialist movement of America. Keir Hardie's estimate, whether he

is aware of it or not matters little, resolves itself into the following sequence of thought:—

1st. Without the unions of the land connect with the Socialist political movement, the one and the other stagnate. The unions, or economic movement, remain a power of undeveloped potentiality; the political movement degenerates speedily into a flash in the pan, of profit only to self-seeking stage strutters.

2nd. None but the revolutionary union will connect with the Socialist political movement; and consequently,

3rd. It must be the pre-eminent task of the Socialist movement to urge into life the class-conscious union, in other words, the preaching of the Social revolution upon the only field on which it can be preached—the civilized field of political action.

From the circumstances that the S. P. with its pure and simple political policy, has no prospect, and that the S. L. P. with its combined economic and political policy, makes even a worse showing, as far as votes are concerned, the conclusion would seem warranted that the absolute outlook for Socialism in America is doleful—at least so far as the mind's eye can see

ahead. Such a conclusion would be rash—rash because it fails to take in all the facts in the case.

**Influence of Social Atmosphere.**  
Dogmatic Socialists incur the error of holding that a certain quantity of capitalism must produce a corresponding quantity of Socialist movement, and that, seeing the United States furnishes the largest quantity of capitalism, therefore it should also have the largest quantity of Socialist movement to show. Finding this not so, the Socialist dogmatist is puzzled, frequently looking bewildered, much as a duck in thunder. As with vegetation, even in the same latitude but different atmospheric conditions, the course of the Socialist movement is intimately affected by different social atmospheres. The social atmosphere in the United States inevitably raises the delusion of pure and simple political Socialism. The delusion is not one to be argued down. It had to be demonstrated. Had the S. L. P. remained alone in the field the process of the demonstration would have been greatly retarded. Valuable is the service rendered the American movement by the S. P. It did not mean to be self-sacrificing, yet it obeyed a self-sacrificing behest. By setting up its anti-S. L. P. principle it demonstrated with its own failure the soundness of the S. L. P. For a time the process of demonstration could not choose but retard the movement. The presence of a party that flew the colors of Socialism yet advocated anti-Socialist tactics, which for the very reason of their being anti-Socialist, chimed in with favorite prejudices and were bound to meet with greater popularity, had necessarily to block the path of progress for the S. L. P. The expectations nursed by S. P. error having suffered shipwreck, the path is cleared—at least it is clearing for more rapid progress.

Ave, indeed, "the future of the Socialist party in America is doleful." So say we all.

Keir Hardie's estimate, gathered from intimate and personal observation during his recent visit to America, amounts to saying that the Socialist party has failed of its mission. This is true—yet not wholly true.

**Special Mission of the S. P.**  
There was a special mission for the Socialist party to perform—the mission of demonstrating the soundness of the Socialist Labor Party position. The three principles above enumerated are and have been cardinal principles with the S. L. P. An element there is in the land whose conception of Socialism is purely political. To that element the economic movement is, at best, merely a transient manifestation. To them the idea of all devoting time to the economic movement, except to jolly and captivate the good will of its membership, is a waste of time. It is considered even worse than a waste of time; it is considered harmful. The searching criticism that the conduct of the class-conscious union demands, produces irritation; "makes enemies." The Utopian Socialist, with his visions of political victory, insensibly acquires the qualities of the capitalist politician—a suavity that means all things to all men. To the Utopian, or pure and simple political Socialist, accordingly, nothing is more abhorrent than

to "give offence." As a consequence, like ostriches in a storm, he shuts his eyes to the economic question. Knows nothing of it; wants to know nothing of it. This element has its representatives in the S. L. P. They objected to the S. L. P. posture on unionism. They tried to remodel the S. L. P. principle. They failed, bolted, and in 1899 joined their kindred on the outside. Thus rose the S. P. It was to rush to victory. Unnecessary to repeat the review made of the S. P. vote at the last election. (Theseback that the S. P. received in most all industrial centers, beginning with New York City, evidently did not escape Keir Hardie, and he puts his finger upon the fatal spot—the failure of the S. P. to enlist the proletariat, especially the organized.—W. P.)

## TO OUR TEMPERANCE FRIENDS

The letter from Miss Gordon confirms the statement made by us—that Francis Willard was a socialist. It makes not a word of difference what kind of a handle is affixed to the name, her statement of the socialist philosophy showed plainly she understood it. As to the words of Francis Willard, "Oh, that I had my life to live over again it should have my life," the weight of truth hangs evenly in the balance, as one man's word is as good as another's in law. The brochure compiled by the Rev. J. H. Hollingsworth of Terre Haute, Ind., is composed of extracts from addresses delivered during the 24th annual meeting of the National W. C. T. U. held in Buffalo in Oct., 1897. Presumably they were taken from the 24th annual report, where the complete address will be found.

## MAKES A FLOATING COMPASS.

Peculiarity of Magnetized Needle When Placed in Water.

If a thoroughly dry and clean sewing needle is very carefully laid on the surface of the water in a basin the needle will float in spite of the high density of steel—seven or eight times that of water.

On close inspection it is found that the surface of the water is depressed under the needle, very much as if there were a thin film stretched over the water, and slightly indented by the weight of the needle. This property of liquids, of offering a certain assistance to a force exerted upon their surface, is termed "surface extension." The magnitude of the force of surface tension varies from one liquid to another. It is greatest in the case of mercury. The cause of the phenomenon must probably be looked for in the attraction of the liquid molecules to one another. A sewing needle, thus floating upon water, may be used as a compass, if it has previously been magnetized. It will then point north and south, and will maintain this position if the containing vessel is moved about; if the needle is displaced by force it will return to its position along the magnetic meridian.



# FEMININE FANCIES

## THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## Summer Home Furnishing

EXPENSIVE, artistic, light and durable is the furniture that the big shops are showing for summer homes. Chairs, couches, tables and even desks are in cane and bamboo, beautifully finished and with an eye to cheerfulness and seasonableness. The expensive summer rug of former years has been entirely displaced by the grass rug, which has excellent wearing qualities, is cool as any other, is grateful to the eyes and has the excellent quality of cheapness.

Air and light and plenty of them have been the watchwords of every health conscious and the people of the country have become educated along hygienic lines to such a marked degree that the furniture manufacturers have been compelled to take notice of the great need of cheap, handsome and sanitary furnishings has been the result.

An important feature of suburban home settlements nowadays is the bungalow, with its spacious veranda, very much resembling a room. In shopping do not forget to provide hammock and yellow couch for the veranda and the Japanese hanging screen, which can be lowered to make the place private or raised to let in the air and light when necessary.

Good, easily adjusted window screens play a large part in the furnishing of a summer home. They not only keep out the flies and mosquitoes, but they also act as a filter for the dust-laden air which is ever present in the summer time when the windows and doors are open in order to allow the heat-worried residents the benefit of every breeze that is stirring.

The veranda is really the summer sitting room for the family and should be furnished with good table and as comfortably as the season of the year and the possibilities of the pocketbook will admit. The shops are flooded with pretty cushion covers and straw cushions that make acceptable as well comfortable seats for the household.

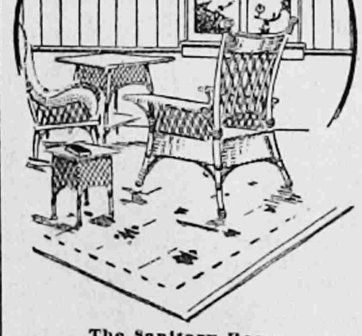
And, by the way, the average household is extraordinarily prone to the "step" habit. Young people of all ages, even the young grand-sire, who has reached three score and ten, enjoy sitting on the steps of an evening more than they do the comfortable chairs on the veranda. For this purpose grass cushions prove very satisfactory, and there should be plenty of them. If there is a lawn the hanging of some hammocks and the addition of a

platform swing add much to its appearance and give a great amount of comfort to everybody.

Of course no woman who has an eye for the beautiful will neglect the floral adornment of the lawn and the veranda. Little beds of flowers can be cheaply and artistically arranged while potted palms, ferns and such like can be used on the veranda with ornamental effect.

It has become quite a fad of late years for families to eat their meals on the veranda. As this entails considerable extra work, the table should never be overburdened with dishes or ornaments. The servant, or the housekeeper, as the case may be, will be compelled to make many extra trips to the kitchen, and everything should be done to lighten their work.

There are many kinds of fans that can be purchased at reasonable price that prove very satisfactory in keeping off flies and similar insects from the table. The sensible housewife will remember that the lighter and easiest to clean and handle is the proper kind of furniture to buy for the summer home. Make everything as comfortable, as cool, as sanitary as possible in every way you will be playing your household in position to enjoy the long, hot summer days and making your own work for lighter.



The Sanitary Room.

## Helpful Housekeeping Hints.

A NEW way to clean silver is to place it in a pan of sour milk that has just begun to thicken. Let the silver remain in the milk about an hour and then wash in warm soapsuds and dry with soft cloth.

In making griddle cakes beat two or three tablespoons of melted butter in the batter and it will not be necessary to grease the griddle.

Burnt milk should not be thrown away, but put in a clean jar and placed in cold water. In a short while the scorched taste will disappear.

Muffins that would tempt even the most jaded of palates can be made by mixing with the batter any quantity of oatmeal or rice left over from a previous meal. This prevents the muffins from being tasteless and dry.

Small pieces of toilet soap that are no longer usable should be saved in

a glass jar. When the jar is nearly full add a little water and boil until the mixture is of the consistency of maulage. This is an excellent hair dressing and precludes any possibility of small pieces of soap sticking to the hair, as is frequently the case when a cake of soap is used.

Every piece of stale bread should be saved, as so many dishes call for bread crumbs. First place the stale bread in a baking pan, and put on the oven to dry, and brown slightly. When crisp, roll finely and place in an airtight jar.

Warm water, not hot, should be used for neuraigia. Dip the fingers in the water and rub the face well. Then use a coarse towel until the cheeks are flushed. The feet should be treated in the same manner and then wrapped in woolen blankets. In this way the blood is drawn from the head to the feet.

## Mr. Justwed gathers May Flowers

"TELL me, Blossom," exclaimed Mr. Justwed, as he turned the latchkey to their apartment upon their return from church the other Sunday, "this is too glorious a day to remain indoors. Let's go out and spend this afternoon. How does that old couplet run—something like this, isn't it?"

"March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers." "That's it—flowers! What beautiful things they are! The breath of the heavens, the gold of the sunshine, the fragrance of a moonlight night, the music of a sound sleep, a coral reef—oh, what thoughts the very touch of them, the smell of them, puts into a man's mind, stuffed and cramped with its winter hibernation—what thoughts! Come, let's go!"

"Gracious, Homer!" Mrs. Justwed chorled, "is it as bad as that. You don't mean to say that you have spring fever already, do you? I never knew you cared so much about flowers."

"Humbly," sniffed Mr. Justwed, his springtime fancy taking flight into outer darkness, "you didn't. So, I should have imagined. That fact is obvious. Otherwise, we might have had a few flowers about the house occasionally to brighten things up a bit—to add that artistic touch that you women are so everlastingly talking about."

"Why, Homer!" exclaimed Mrs. J., in surprise, "I didn't think you cared about things of that sort. I'll phone a florist right away and—"

"Those a florist," Mr. Justwed interrupted, "phone a florist and pay him good money for what we can get our selves to a little walk into the country. We can pick them there."

"Certainly, Homer—Homer, dear—right after dinner," acquiesced Mrs. Justwed, promptly, though a bit sarcastically, "but I trust you remember our former excursion into the primitive and that tedious wait for the trolley car—that—"

But Mr. Justwed had banged and flounced him away into the living room. An hour or so later, the Justweds were among the May flowers—within walking distance of the city, however, and in no wise dependent upon a trolley car for a safe return. Mr. Justwed had attended to that detail.

Mr. Justwed was knee-deep in daisies—fairly reveling in the green of the grass and the delicate fragrance of the gentle spring zephyrs.

Mrs. Justwed wandered along leisurely bidding her time.

In almost a frenzy of delight Mr. J. plucked the flowers with ruthless hand until, stretched out, he lay on his back with a whoop that fairly froze Mrs. Justwed's blood.

"Snake!" he yelled, dropping the flowers and springing backward in leaps and bounds that would have done credit to a finished vaudeville acrobat.

But Mrs. J. didn't even so much as move—after she had stretched out. She just laughed—for she was a good thirty feet from the excited Homer.

Mr. Justwed quickly recovered his equilibrium. Also, he pulled down his vest and wiped off his chin.

"Where?" he explained, "that snake

gave me a start—I almost plucked it up when I reached for a flower."

"I—I—guess we'd better abandon the flower scheme, hand't we, Homer?" Mrs. J. simply couldn't repress the laugh altogether.

"Mr. J. went up in the air like a rocket. 'You think it's funny, don't you?' he growled. 'Well, if you think a little thing like that's going to stop me, Mrs. Justwed, you've got another thing coming.'"

And the peevish Homer-dear returned once more to the field—to another part of it, rather, in the matter of flowers.

The afternoon sun grew hotter and hotter—but Mr. J. still worked valiantly on. It was slow and tiresome work picking flowers and anxiously scanning the ground for a square-yard around before plucking the chosen blossom. But, ere long, Mr. J. had quite an armful.

Then they retired to the inviting shade of a big oak to rest a bit before the homeward tramp. Homer recovered his spirits somewhat and even dilated again on the beauties of the springtime.

Just as the sun was sinking, a blood-red ball, in the West, they started.

"I never imagined Mrs. J., 'won't these look nice in your evening room and—' But the sentence was never finished.

Homer's foot had slipped on a loose stick and he shot in one direction, the flowers in another.

There was a nice comfortable little gully close at hand and Mr. J. landed on its soft, wet, soggy bosom—kerfunk.

Mrs. Justwed screamed, "Oh, Homer, are you hurt?" "Yes, verily, Homer was hurt—but not his bones! It was his feelings.

Picking himself up, he climbed gingerly back to the top of the hollow—swet as a wet hen and as mad as he was wet.

Mrs. Justwed solicitously helped him brush off the clinging bits of woodland mud and slime and gently extracted a

few sticks and leaves from his rumpled locks and from under his collar.

"Come on," growled Mr. J., starting off determinedly.

Mrs. Justwed hesitated. "Can't—can't we gather up a few of these flowers?" she questioned, dubiously. "It seems a shame to leave them here after you worked so hard picking—"

"Look here, Blossom," Mr. J. thundered, "don't you ever mention flowers to me again! I wouldn't carry one of those disgarded things home with me—no ma'am, not even if it was made of gold!"

"But Homer," Mrs. J. retorted, out of patience, "that is so foolish! Just because you felt down—to throw all those flowers away! Let them be! He not a dozen feet from you and refuse to pick them up again! That is downright childish. They didn't make you fall! I'll pick them up myself, I will, so I will!"

"Don't you touch them," insisted Mr. J. "But they will brighten up the flat so—and you're so fond of flowers, Homer, you know!"

There was a pleading note in Mrs. J.'s voice—but it was there only to conceal her supreme enjoyment of Homer-dear's disclosure.

"Rats!" Mr. Justwed retorted, "if you want flowers I'll order some from the florist the very first thing in the morning and—"

"And spend that money for things we might just as well pick in the fields ourselves for nothing!" mocked Mrs. J. "Burr—r-r!" answered Mr. J.

## A Few Epigrams.

NEVER tell your husband that Mr. B., next door, has such a lovely disposition and is so good to his wife. She remarks never tend to make the fire-side companionship as pleasant as it might be.

Should your husband stay out late, don't act cross with him when he comes home. He is champing at the bit, and lead him to suppose that you are disappointed at his coming so soon. You can rest satisfied that he is going to be gone long enough early to find out what makes you so joyful in his absence.

Before you mention going away for the summer, call your husband's attention to the necessity for replenishing his summer wardrobe. This will help him.

Never ask Slater Neil's help to hold the new-born babe, for Slater Neil is liable to lose him if you do.

When a woman talks enough to throw everyone around her into a state of suspended animation, she is, in her own opinion, a clever conversationalist.

There is, after all, a slight difference between the new woman and the kind mother used to be. The former wants to be a man when he is working, the latter when he is loafing.

## The Girl You Can't Trust

WHILE first impressions are not always the best and are frequently unjust ones, one instinctively feels trust or distrust upon meeting a stranger. This seems to be especially applicable to women. There are certain women one feels drawn to immediately upon meeting and in whom there is some characteristic which invites confidence and trust. And there is the other sort of a girl who one feels cannot be trusted, though there is no tangible reason for doubting her in this respect.

There is nothing that gives the impression of lack of trustworthiness as thoroughly as indiscriminate and continual flattery. The girl who flatters and gushes over everyone she meets and seeks the same in return is always raising justifiable doubts in the mind of the analyst. The flatterer is ever ready to recognize vanity in others and to play upon it for her own ends.

The girl who loses no opportunity to say something unkind about another's minute that other's back is turned may be interesting as a bearer of choice bits of gossip, but she is a dangerous one to trust. It is perfectly logical to argue that her tongue which wags so spitefully and enthusiastically about others will do the same thing concerning you yourself when you are not present.

And then there is the girl who presages every bit of gossip she imparts with an apology.

"It was told to me in confidence, my dear," she explains eagerly, "but I made a mental reservation at the time to tell you all about it, for I can't help feeling it is my duty to tell you. You mustn't breathe it to a soul, my dear, for I wouldn't have it known that I told you for anything." The world's to have been.

In this way and a dozen others she proves her insincerity.

Or, if she isn't quite as bad as this, she may be the sort of a girl who is always ready with an excuse for confessions and omissions that ought not to have been. She is always explaining volubly, and but rarely hesitates to make use of the perverted adage, "A lie is an abomination and an ever-present help in the time of trouble."

Though not always the case, the finger of doubt may be pointed at the girl who overpowers you with sweetness. She is over-enthusiastic. She suggests and preaches all sorts of pleasant things which she hasn't the slightest intention of carrying out. She is in the seventh heaven of delight when she meets you and is, apparently, on the verge of despair when she leaves you. She may be trustworthy, but she must be tested first.

One of the best ways of reading a person on sight is the eyes. The girl who cannot look you straight in the eye is to be guarded against. A shifty glance is nearly always indicative of a shifty, unstable character in which deceit is a more apt to predominate than frankness and truth. It is scarcely necessary to state that the girl who has once been your enemy, who suddenly changes and seeks to become your friend, is following a questionable course. It may be that her change is sincere, and if so her conduct is all the more admirable. But if not, she is a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing. Time alone will tell.

## Caught in the Rain.

IT is scarcely necessary to state that the first thing the average woman thinks of, when it begins to rain, is her hat. Though all else becomes soaked and drenched, that hat must not become even so much as damp. When caught in a sudden rainstorm, various expedients are resorted to. If newspaper cannot be obtained, even the handkerchief is quickly fashioned into a cover for the precious hat. Here is a suggestion when caught in the rain, but it must be prepared beforehand.

Purchase a square of oiled silk sufficiently large to cover your hat. Cut it round and put an inch wide hem all around it. A silk cord run through this makes it easy to draw it over the head. It can be tightly folded and carried in your shopping bag. Then when it rains, and you find yourself without an umbrella, draw the cord and fasten the edge of the string over your chin. Of course, it is somewhat ungainly in appearance—but it saves the sorrow and expense of a ruined hat.

## Making Ice Cream.

WITH the spring and the warm weather at hand, one's desire for ice cream increases. The average housekeeper cannot afford to purchase the frozen dainties several times a week as a caterer. And many do not have it made at home and frostily as it would like, because of the arduous labor of freezing it. Here is a suggestion by which a good portion of this labor may be eliminated. This article is a mixture of pure cream into the freezing can and surround with alternate layers of ice shaved as fine as that used at soda water fountains and frostily as it would like, because of the arduous labor of freezing it. Here is a suggestion by which a good portion of this labor may be eliminated. This article is a mixture of pure cream into the freezing can and surround with alternate layers of ice shaved as fine as that used at soda water fountains and frostily as it would like, because of the arduous labor of freezing it. Here is a suggestion by which a good portion of this labor may be eliminated. This article is a mixture of pure cream into the freezing can and surround with alternate layers of ice shaved as fine as that used at soda water fountains and frostily as it would like, because of the arduous labor of freezing it. Here is a suggestion by which a good portion of this labor may be eliminated. This article is a mixture of pure cream into the freezing can and surround with alternate layers of ice shaved as fine as that used at soda water fountains and frostily as it would like, because of the arduous labor of freezing it. Here is a suggestion by which a good portion of this labor may be eliminated. This article is a mixture of pure cream into the freezing can